



CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN

[Karl Vogel.]



Vol. VIII.

JUNE, 1917.

No. 2.

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Miscellanea.

LAST December we took occasion to make a few comments in these pages on "A Short History of Ireland" by a Miss Maxwell, which had fallen almost by accident into our hands. Since then we have been gratified by seeing our somewhat severe strictures on the book echoed repeatedly by

several contemporaries. Some weeks after our notice appeared, a well-known Irish weekly review dealt with the "History" in a full-length article. Subsequently a whole series of articles from the pen of an eminent priest was devoted, in the pages of another weekly, to exposing the errors of the book: and more recently still, an excellent Catholic monthly periodical, in another series of articles, is concerned to point out the blunders and "malevolent inventions" (to use Mr. Secretary Duke's phrase) of Miss Maxwell's little history. This is, of course, as it should be. The book, intended for young folk, had been in print for years and had probably been doing harm unnoticed for years. We had never heard of it; but a new edition, heralded by the usual inspired appreciations in the daily newspapers, had drawn our attention to it as likely to be of service to the young people of Blessed Gabriel's Guild. We took the precaution of reading it before recommending it, and we are glad that others, in a position to judge, have been led to read it too. By this time Miss Maxwell's history should be pretty nearly sped. At least, no Irish Catholic child is likely to be brought up on it. And the whole incident should show the importance of a Catholic and national periodical press, which if less powerful than the daily so-called national newspapers, is less venal and more independent, and does not rely for its support mainly on advertisements and government subsidies.

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It is to be hoped that no new lease of life may be given such emasculated version of Irish history as that of Miss Maxwell's by the recent ukase of the Commissioners of "National" Education. These gentlemen have just drawn up an "Index of Prohibited Books" for the use of schools, and on it have solemnly placed some half-dozen small history books dealing with periods and personages in Irish history. We have looked into one or two of these publications, and have found them very colourless indeed, and little calculated to stir up seditious feelings in the hearts of their youthful readers. Perhaps there is not sufficient panegyric of England and its saving mission to the Celt within their covers. Possibly a child could not answer satisfactorily from their pages the single question in Irish history set to Irish children in a recent examination paper—"Name the principal benefits conferred on the Irish people by England during the last century!" So they must go—to be replaced, we suppose, as far as possible, by books written on the enlightened pattern supplied by Miss Maxwell. At any rate, the books that are to supercede them should be carefully scrutinized by competent judges who are interested that the schools of the "National" Board should not distort and pervert the minds of the Catholic children of the nation. The National schools were established primarily for the purpose of uprooting the Catholic faith in Ireland by

the ingenious and excellent method of starving the minds and hearts of the little children in the accredited, broad-minded, undenominational way. They failed in that primary purpose: they have also failed to trample out the nation's language, though the efforts in that direction were less futile: we hardly think they will be likely to succeed in making the nation forget its history.

* * * * *

In the days before the war the "Index Expurgatorius," by means of which the Church warns the faithful against publications that err against sound doctrine in faith and morals, was the frequent butt of attack by the English No-Popery lecturer. Even the more enlightened sort of Englishman protested against the institution as fettering legitimate freedom of thought and speech. The "Index" needed no defence for the faithful in whose interests it was compiled, and its attack by outsiders was merely a compost of bigotry and impertinence. But it is amusing to think that since the war began, the enlightened and freedom-loving state has been developing an elaborate and endless "Index Expurgatorius" on which almost everything is put that tells against its supposed interests. Books, items of news, episcopal letters and pastorals, newspaper and periodical articles, speeches, songs, tunes, and now even school-books which convey not falsehood or error but unpalatable facts, are relegated to the obscurity of its files. And to-morrow when the war is at an end the hypocrites who are taking part in all this humbug will be the first and the loudest to mouth blatant sophistries about the obscurantism of the Church of Rome and sympathy with its priest-ridden people.

* * * * *

We are glad to notice the appearance of an Irish weekly paper for young people, *Young Ireland*, which can be had of all newsagents, price one penny. It is well worth the money, and we take the opportunity of warmly recommending it to all our younger readers. Now that Irish history is practically banned in Irish schools, it is especially valuable as a preservative of the true Irish spirit in the young—full as it is of Irish history, story, and song all with the right ring.

A Dominican's Experience of a Modern Miracle.

NOT far from Loreto in Italy there is a district called Campocavallo, in the diocese of Osimo, where about thirty years ago a little church was erected by the piety of the faithful. An oleograph representing the Blessed Virgin of Dolours with the figure of her divine Son dead in her arms was placed in this little country chapel by a good priest, who, to accommodate the people, celebrated Holy Mass there on festival days. It was in the year 1892 that for the first time certain miraculous signs were observed in this picture of our Blessed Lady. Not only women and people of the lower classes, but persons of every sort and condition asserted that they had seen wonderful movements in the eyes of our Lady.

"I declare," writes the Very Rev. Father Piccini, Guardian of the Convent of Assisi, "that on the 21st of July, 1892, I went to visit the picture of the Mother of Dolours in the Church of Campocavallo, near Osimo, and I saw the eyes move, which I am now ready to affirm on oath."

"I, the undersigned," writes a medical doctor, "declare most truthfully that I twice visited the picture of our Lady of Dolours at Campocavallo, and the first time I observed some change in the left cornea, and the second time in both the cornea, and these movements were so perceptible to me that I am willing to affirm it on oath." So testified likewise many other persons of culture and education, people in every way worthy of belief.

The Very Rev. Father Mortier, a Dominican of the Convent of Flavigny in France, having gone to Rome in 1893 and hearing of the wonders occurring at Campocavallo, visited the shrine in March of the same year. His evidence is most striking and interesting, and he has related it in a pamphlet which he published, entitled "The Movements of the Eyes of the Picture of Our Lady of Seven Dolours of Campocavallo."

In this book Father Mortier first describes the picture, which, he says, has nothing very particular about it. It may have been reproduced more or less faithfully from the picture of a master hand. The picture has all the qualities necessary, as regards length and breadth, to be well seen. The eyes, in particular, are raised towards heaven, half of the pupil only is seen, which contrasts remarkably with the white. The eyes are large and open. The picture is placed at the height of almost two and a half yards from the ground, and in full light, and whether it is viewed from the front or

side, it can always be well seen. As regards the movements of the eyes, Father Mortier tells us he saw several sorts of movements.

The vertical movement: On the picture the eyes of the Virgin are raised towards heaven, then she lowers them and raises them.

The horizontal movement: Our Lady looks to right and left.

The movement of the eyelids: She slowly closes them, covering the entire pupil so that the eyes are completely shut.

Besides these three movements he affirms to have seen the gaze of the Madonna firmly fixed on himself, and he likewise noticed other signs, as for instance, an afflicted look in our Lady's face, then a smiling countenance with rosy tint, then a pallor which covered the whole countenance as in one who suffers.

For the vertical and horizontal movement, he declares, there is a good criterion. The colour: The pupil, of a very marked black, is only half seen and at a distance from the bottom of the white of the eyeball. Now, when one observes the movement, the pupil naturally descends, covering the white of the eyeball, which disappears and remains fixed in the same position for a time, long or short, looking at the person who sees it, then returning to its normal position, again leaving the white of the eyeball visible—the black and white being so distinct from one another that the eye of the spectator cannot be deceived. When our Lady lowers the eyes all is black in the middle; when she raises them, you see the white below the pupil. Consequently the eye of the observer can so clearly distinguish the black and white that there can be no delusion. If delusion could take place in the movement of the eyeball, there can be none, however, in that of the eyelids. It is easy to see whether the eyes are open or closed. The picture has the eyes wide open, and our Lady slowly closes the eyelids and little by little the interior of the eye disappears; no longer can the pupil or white of the eye be seen, the eyes are perfectly closed and the eyebrows well marked. Then after some time she rapidly raises her eyes and they resume their habitual position.

Father Mortier tells us that hundreds of every age, condition, and nationality have seen these wonders. These witnesses saw, at the same moment, the same movements and at other times different movements. The simultaneousness of their vision is an irrefutable proof of the truth. Groups of persons unknown to one another cried aloud at the same moment: "Our Lady raises her eyes." "Our Lady is looking at us." "Our Lady has closed her eyes."

We shall now let Father Mortier himself, who came to Campocavallo with a very prejudiced and incredulous mind, relate his own experience of the prodigy. "I am not curious," he says, "to see miracles. When I hear a miracle

spoken of, my first impression is that of doubt. The marvellous does not make me enthusiastic; it leaves me cold, perhaps too cold. In the present case I feel bound to ask pardon of our Lady for my incredulity and for my coldness. I see clearly; I am neither long-sighted nor short-sighted. I see perfectly and without effort at a distance, as well as near. Nevertheless, I have rather delicate eyes which I am sometimes obliged to protect from the light by dark glasses. This delicacy is constitutional, but does not in the least interfere with my vision. I have good sight.

"At the time of the Jubilee Celebration of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., in February, 1893, a priest of the diocese of Angers came to stay at Rome in the same house in which I was. He spoke to me of the facts of Campocavallo, made me read a pamphlet on this subject, and gave me a picture of our Lady of Dolours. I rather doubted what I read in the little book, but the little picture he gave me charmed me. At night while on my knees meditating before the picture I said in all simplicity to the holy Virgin: 'My good Mother, if I go to Campocavallo will you look at me?' Some time afterwards, having to go to Loreto by the direction of the Master-General, Most Rev. Father Fröhwrth (now Cardinal), I arrived there on Saturday, 18th of March. Having made my devotions in the Holy House, I thought of Campocavallo, but without any very great desire to go there. At Loreto, I found myself in a place which made me even more doubtful—I saw in every one excess of credulity, whereas with me it was just the opposite.

"Besides, my Dominican habit had a sinister effect. I came from Rome and was silent. They believed that I was sent by the tribunal of the Inquisition, charged to observe what was said and done at Campocavallo. I arrived at Loreto on the 18th of March and was so carried away with joy at the Holy House that I almost forgot Campocavallo, to which place I went, as far as I can remember, on the 21st or 22nd. I had for my companion during this short journey a good, indeed, an excellent priest, devoted to the Madonna, but far from being convinced of the miracle of the Addolorata. Arrived at Campocavallo, I entered and saw a great many people before the holy picture. Groups of peasants, men, women, and children, all with their eyes fixed on the blessed picture and with beads in their hands, saying the Rosary. One old, bald-headed woman prayed aloud, saying: 'Holy Virgin, my dear mother, grant me this favour.' She asked of our Lady the cure of a serious illness. I knelt down before the holy picture at a little distance and commenced to say my Rosary, but without the least emotion. After a few minutes, while still on my knees, I was surprised to see the eyes of the Madonna on me, notwithstanding that when I arrived they were raised to heaven; I stood up, fearing an illusion, and went near to the little

balustrade, a few steps from the picture, and saw, as at first, that the eyes were large, open, and raised to heaven, then I saw them lowered and fixed on me, and then sweetly and majestically the eyelids closed perfectly over them. I was not yet moved. Four or five times this same prodigy was repeated. Although I kept very calm, nevertheless my countenance changed, because my companion, who stood near me, pulling my sleeve, said: 'She is looking.' We lighted a taper and departed.

"On the way, urged by the ecclesiastic who came with me, I told him what I had seen, but that I wished to keep silence until further examination. On my return to Loreto, I was much questioned on the fact, but unsuccessfully, as I kept *silent*, which, to say the truth, strengthened the suspicion that I was an envoy of the Inquisition.

"I had seen; but before pronouncing on the fact I wished to see again; therefore I left the chapel without making any deposition. I waited fifteen days before returning to Campocavallo, in order that the first impressions might be entirely dissipated.

"On Wednesday in Easter week, the 4th of April, after 6 a.m., I left Loreto with my usual incredulity, which was, however, already giving way. Notwithstanding my strictness in judging, and my precaution, the incredulity of my mind was shaken by what I had observed.

"The day was glorious. In this countryside the Tuesday in Easter week is still a great holiday. Numbers of carriages filled the street. Mass was over when I arrived. After a little I went into the sacristy to vest. Having finished Mass I went to make my thanksgiving in the little space near the picture enclosed by a balustrade. I looked at the picture of the Mother of Dolours, but observed nothing particular. The eyes were raised to heaven. Having finished my thanksgiving I retired. The crowd little by little dispersed, and when I re-entered the chapel there was scarcely anyone there. I commenced my Rosary, standing opposite to the balustrade about two steps from the picture. I looked at it for a few seconds at intervals; then, to avoid the least illusion, looked at it suddenly from another part of the chapel in a more careless manner so as not to tire my eyes. *I distinctly saw the holy picture raise and lower the pupils, fix them for a long time on me. Then with the same majestic slowness as I saw her on a former occasion, I saw her sweetly close her eyelids.* This movement of the eyelids is slow, slower than is natural as the eyes generally close quickly. I was not moved. The thought of the certainty that I sought for lessened all other sentiments within me. I changed my position and the prodigy was repeated. I went to the right and to the left; entered into the place before mentioned near the picture, and each time I saw the eyes raised to heaven, then lowered, fixed on me, and then closed with indescribable anguish.

"Then wishing once for all to end my doubts, I commenced, so to speak, an extraordinary struggle with our Lady. I was standing before the picture and I said to her interiorly: '*My good Mother, pardon me, I wish to be sure; renew again this movement.*' She lowered her eyes, looked at me with anguish and closed them. '*My good Mother, once more.*' The same prodigy. '*Once again.*' It seemed to me that after the third or fourth time the look fixed on me was severe. Then I said with simplicity: '*You know, my dear Mother, it is because I wish to be sure.*' Whether I was near the picture or far from it, the eyes looked at me. What astonished me most was the imperturbable calm which I was able to maintain. When I think of it now I am not alarmed because those eyes which looked at me were the eyes of the great Mother of God.

"None of those who stood near me can ever doubt the scene which took place between me and the Madonna. Before leaving the chapel, which I had much difficulty in doing, I said to the most holy Virgin: '*My good Mother, I am convinced, deign to give me a look of farewell.*' I had that look, which I shall never forget.

"Without making the least communication to anyone, I betook myself at once to the Bishop of Osimo and placed my deposition in his hands. The Bishop of Osimo, Cardinal Egidio Mauri, belongs to the Order of St. Dominic, a prelate, eminent, very learned, and of great prudence. Having the happiness to belong to his Order, I was able to speak to him open-heartedly as to a brother. As for the rest, his welcome to me was sufficient to draw forth my confidence. My deposition seemed to him so important on account of the special circumstances that accompanied it, that he immediately assembled the tribunal charged with the Canonical Process already commenced on the subject of the Virgin of Campocavallo. My examination lasted more than an hour. After having taken the oath on the Sacred Gospel, I had to reply to twenty-four or twenty-five questions. All was minutely examined, judged, with a strictness of observation and criticism which did honour to the ecclesiastics who constituted the tribunal. Having finished my deposition I departed, happy in my heart at having rendered testimony to the truth of this Manifestation of the sorrowful Mother.

"On the 8th of April I was again at Campocavallo, prostrate before the picture contemplating it with love. The good Mother lowered her eyes and fixed them on me, as we looked upon one another, then completely closed them. This time her look impressed me with peace and happiness. Before leaving the holy picture I had the favour of a last look, one of farewell. I could not go away, but after a great struggle I at last said: '*Good-bye, till we meet again.*' I have seen, and I have affirmed it on oath. I have seen the Mother of Sorrows of Campocavallo lower her eyes, fix them on me and close the eyelids with an expression of sadness

quite perceptible more than twenty times, and this without perturbation or effort.

"Believe, or believe not, that is your own affair. I have no mission to make you believe. For my part, in conjunction with hundreds of other witnesses, quite disinterested, I can say but one thing, and I say it in praise and glory of the Mother of God: '*I have seen! I have seen!*'"

Can we better conclude this interesting account of the miraculous picture of our Lady of Campocavallo than by saluting our holy Mother, Mary, and begging her to turn the loving eyes of her mercy on us, poor exiles, that when life is over, we may look for ever on the fruit of her womb.

BLESSED BE THE GREAT MOTHER OF GOD, MARY MOST HOLY.

F. J. POWELL, O.P.

Waiter !

THE INNER HISTORY OF A TRYING TRADE.

By D.L.K.

IN America many university students spend their holidays at the beaches as waiters in order, on "tips," to provide term-time pocket-money. On the Continent of Europe likewise a young man in search of adventure or in pursuit of languages does not hesitate to become a "garçon" for a year or two. But in England, and far more so in Ireland, the waiter, alas, is not yet a citizen at all in any accepted sense. Conceive the shock with which a father would hear his son's decision to wield the napkin at the cross-road inn, or to fetch plates for the jobbers at the Royal Hotel on the day of the fair! "Yerra, that's a job for girls only! What sort of a man would be doing a thing like that?" a surprise natural enough in a country where only the more robust modes of livelihood are favoured. And, indeed, Ireland's aversion to the "parasite-professions" is in some respects a healthy one. For "waiting" is not always up to the expectations thereof, and in the process, the exuberant Irish imagination of the victim of a microscopic tip might lead him to protests such as would upset all the laws of the s'il-vous-plait brigade. Naturally, then, we find the "disciplined" nations rather than the more "careless" Celts in the catering trade and the Germans and Swiss most frequently prosperous. The Germans have, as in all their undertakings, proceeded with the utmost caution. An annual guide is even printed for the Prussian who meditates the career, and from Killarney to Ballarat all hotels, their tips, conditions, and defects, are tabulated, from inside information, for the use

of the newcomer. And of this "guide," printed at Dresden, I hold a copy of the 1914 edition, in which "poor old Ireland" is mostly a banshee-land for the plate-carriers. Here, for instance, is the opening paragraph in our national section:—"There are many good situations particularly in the North of Ireland. In this part, as also on the East coast of the country, there is a good opportunity of learning English. *All young waiters are advised not to accept places in the South or West with a view to learning English, as there the most varied dialects are spoken.*"

What indeed will they think of this "superior" attitude down about Queenstown where the "best English" only is spoken, or in Cork, where Shakespeare's tongue is all arpeggios and roundelays when your "rebel Citie" man does the local trills for you as he talks? Indeed, my book-making waiters out of Dresden don't know much of the literary business when they would urge a confrère to tackle Leeds before Limerick, or Wigan even in preference to Watergrasshill. It is in England that the dialects are. Here we have the real tongue.

But their observation is woeful. Hear this bombshell, for instance:—"Irish itself is a dead language," Prussian information surely at fault here for once in the history of its meticulously accurate books, the compilers of this otherwise exhaustive guide are evidently out of touch with Kuno Meyer and other famous scholars attracted from the Fatherland by the lure of this "dead" tongue! But not all is "dead" in our western isle, for listen to this, the ultimate eulogy yet of "heaven's reflex":—"Every hotel employé who is or has been in Great Britain has no doubt longed to go to Killarney, and those who are once there *will seldom go away again*. One may imagine from this what conditions prevail in his place."

What charms are thine, Killarney, that thou didst lure the Kaiser's own men even and keep them fast for ever in a circe chain! And so, when we read further that nowhere are "moustaches forbidden" by Lough Leane we are not surprised at all. For surely in heaven no man is forced to shave! And how significant this praise of Killarney can be is seen, by contrast with that other Killarney, Oban, the Scottish beauty-area. For there, our discreet guide tells us, "To cooks and older members, with the exception of chefs and head waiters, the place is *not to be recommended from a financial point of view*"—which sounds, indeed, as if the "cautious" Scotsman was more than a joke in Germany too. But perhaps it is only the utter regard for truth that makes the book so realistic. For other people than the Scotsmen are maligned therein. Here, for instance, is the advice *re* a famous Continental Sleeping Car Co.:—"The head-waiter receives no fixed salary, but he is guaranteed 60 marks (about £3) a month income. He is responsible for all the utensils (crockery, linen, &c.) in the dining-car, as also for

all parts of fittings of the car itself. He has to provide dress for, and remunerate, assistants, for whose carelessness he is also responsible, and has to pay their contributions to the State Sick and Accident Insurance. At intermediate stations in which the train remains overnight, the employés of the dining-car must pay for their lodgings at an inn, and the head-waiter has, in addition, to pay for his assistants. Three-fourths of the cost of cleaning plate, &c., must be contributed by the head-waiter, who also has to provide not only his own uniform but that of all his under-waiters as well." Having given some further "ginger"-tips *re* inspection, &c., the guide-book, not unexpectedly, sums up:—"From this any fairly-intelligent colleague may be able to judge of the conditions existing in the service of the — Sleeping Car Company." And what an acutely-intelligent colleague might think (and say) of it the book, wisely, does not add. But not even for the Sleeping Car Company does the treatise exhaust its indignation. In poor Brazil there is nothing but a "keep away" cried to the thirsting Teuton. Rio, we are told, with a capital of 1,000,000, has only three hotels which keep open the whole year round, and as for the interior of that vast country, "there is not a single hotel in which an employé could earn a living," Brazil evidently, for all its nuts, is no place for the "Yes, sir! Coming, sir, Black or white coffee, sir" army.

Infinite other "straight tips" are to be found in this intensely human book. Thus, "In France as elsewhere one must be careful not to boast too much of one's nationality. That engenders dislike"—and truly dislike doth dry up "palm-oil" (though the guide omits to point the moral thus.) Common-sense, at any rate, is in the book, and no tremendous alliance such as now locks them prevented café from scorning café in the old days. Thus the guide is very discreet in its Austrian section. "Proficiency in languages is not yet properly appreciated there," so the polyglot has no advantage over the native. And further:—"The under-waiter generally gets nothing from the foreigner. But the foreigner suffers dearly if he ever enters the place again." And this little hint is more than interesting—"Hungarian is imperative in Hungary." Not so long ago was it not a "dead" language, "deader" even than our own Irish "killed" stone-cold on an earlier page by this German book? And with one other note we may conclude; this one a small satire in itself. For listen to this warning: "He who can earn his living on land should not risk his health on board ship." Where now be your spirit of adventure, oh Teuton? You cannot build sea-sway on the cowardly caution of that. For even a waiter must go forth upon the waters daring all.

The Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

THE fact that God became man, is man, and for ever will be man, or in the language of St. John that, "the Word became flesh," is the central fact in the history of our race: for the creation of the world and all its happenings led up to it, and the after ages bear its impression. It is also the central fact in the life-story of each individual, for it is the elevation, surpassing all power of imagination of his human nature.

In this fact are "the unsearchable riches of Christ." God the Son, over whose divine nature and infinite perfections "no change or shadow of alteration" can come, has, in time, taken and made for ever His own our human nature, body and soul. This implies that there is no need or room for any human person. In every other member of our race it is a human created person conscious and responsible that gives to it the human nature that he is its individuality and existence. But not so in Christ. In Him one and the same person, the Divine Person is both God and man; and He who knows all things in eternity with His divine intelligence, began to know afresh with his created intelligence, and He who loved all things in eternity, began to love them also with a human love, the image of the divine.

St. Paul speaking of this central fact calls it, "the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations, but now is manifested."

The fact of the sacred manhood held by God has been from the beginning revealed. Its knowledge is the priceless treasure of the Church, where it is "the Bride" knowing and loving "the Bridegroom." But the unfolding of this knowledge to "the children" has been of gradual growth, whose crown and completion seems to be in the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart.

The growth is easy to trace for its stages are land-marks in the devotion of the people to their Lord and Saviour. It commences with the holy families of Mary and Elizabeth who know that Mary's infant is God. It is seen in the revelation of Christ's divinity to the prince of the Apostles and voiced in his exclamation, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." It is the grace of Pentecost to preach that fact in Jerusalem. Paul of Tarsus is struck down on the road to Damascus that he may preach through many countries the "unsearchable riches of Christ"; he is

blinded that he may see with surpassing light into the depths of the mystery. When the martyrs have died for it, come the four great councils outlining in scientific form and phrase the overwhelming fact that one Divine Person is now both God and man; their teaching the stateliest march of human thought the world has ever known. That teaching further developed is sown broadcast through East and West by the Greek and Latin fathers. When the new Europe rises over the ruins of the Roman Empire, its cathedral and monastic schools give the knowledge that is "eternal life" to new nations, and the prince of all its scholars is privileged to hear from our Lord Himself, "Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas. What reward wilt thou have?" The impetus given to devotion to the Blessed Sacrament in the eleventh and following centuries, especially by the establishment in the thirteenth of the Festival of Corpus Christi, served to enlarge further the knowledge of the sacred Manhood by pointing significantly to Its enduring love for us manifested by Its enduring presence with us. Finally devotion to the Passion taking fresh vigour from the love and preaching of St. Francis of Assisi and his children and appealing to men by the stigmata divinely impressed upon him makes more widely and deeply known the excess of that love.

Thus the centuries had been gradually revealing the "unsearchable riches" of Christ, but the devotion to the Sacred Heart seems the crown and completion of their work. The flower had been expanding from the bud, and now we gaze upon its beauty fully revealed.

The devotion may be described in two ways, both holding the same content, but approaching from different points of view. It is a loving adoration of the heart of flesh, the bodily organ, as held by the Son of God who is God, and as the symbol of His love. Or it is our answering love to the love of our Lord, symbolised by His heart of flesh, the bodily organ of the manhood He now and for ever possesses. And when we say that the Sacred Heart is the symbol of His love we must understand that it is a symbol of the highest order, i.e., not arbitrarily made so and by mere agreement of men signifying its object, but a symbol necessarily so and signifying its object by reason of a real connection between them. For we instinctively feel the connection between our heart of flesh and the moral and emotional activity of our soul. We describe character by such expressions as large-hearted, tender-hearted, narrow-hearted, &c. First and foremost the symbol of His love, His Sacred Heart becomes that of His Personality, of all that is connected with that love. His love was the motive of all He did and suffered. His inner life even more than His outward life was dominated by His love. The devotion thus passes from the Sacred Heart Itself to all the deeds and manifestations of Its love. It draws and centres our thoughts and compels our love to the highest act of that human nature held by God, its act of

perfect love. The activity of the body is the servant of the soul, and the life of the soul is in knowing and loving. When the soul knows the true, the good, and the beautiful, loves them and rests content therein, it has accomplished its highest act whether in the natural or supernatural order. To the soul of our Lord Its highest act is Its love for His Father, and His Father's will, and in that Its love for us men and our salvation. All is contained in this: His Passion and Death, "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend."

The adoration and love given to the Sacred Heart will have in them, if they ring true, a note of reparation for the neglect and hardness of the world. Our Lord bitterly complained to Blessed Margaret Mary that His love is rejected. The plaint of unrequited love runs through many of the apparitions vouchsafed her, and when He chose her to be the apostle of this devotion, He bade her in preparation, receive Him in Holy Communion as often as obedience would permit, Communicate on the First Friday of each month. On the night between Thursday and Friday rise between eleven o'clock and midnight, and remain prostrate with Him for an hour begging mercy for sinners and trying to sweeten the bitterness He felt when He was abandoned by His apostles.

From the infancy of the Church there had of course been a devotion to the love of Jesus for us men, His brethren: but such is not properly speaking devotion to the Sacred Heart as it pays no attention to It as the symbol of His love. The first indications of this are found in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in the peaceful and fervent cloisters of the Benedictine and Cistercian monasteries, in the world of St. Anselm and St. Bernard. To St. Bernard is ascribed the treatise known as the "Mystic Vine," containing one of the most beautiful passages that ever inspired devotion to the Sacred Heart, and from which the Holy See has taken the lessons for the office of the festival. To St. Mechtilde, who died in 1298, and to St. Gertrude, who died in 1302, the devotion was familiar, and is the frequent theme of their prayers and writings. The vision of St. Gertrude on the feast of St. John the Evangelist is considered to mark an epoch in the history. Allowed to rest her head near the wound in our Saviour's side she heard the beating of the Divine Heart and asked St. John, if, on the night of the Last Supper he too had felt these delightful pulsations, why he had never spoken of the fact. St. John replied that this revelation had been reserved for subsequent ages, when the world having grown cold would have need of it to rekindle its love. The devotion found a home in many favoured souls from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, but it still remained a private one. The way however was preparing for its wider spreading by the devotion to the Five Wounds which arose in this period: it was so easy to pass from the

sacred side opened by the iron spear-head of the soldier to the Sacred Heart, doubly wounded. In the sixteenth century it took another step forward, having then prayers already formulated, and recognised exercises of piety. It was reserved to Blessed John Eudes (1601—1681) to make it public and secure its being honoured with a festival and office. On the 31st August, 1670, the first feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with great solemnity in the grand seminary, Rennes, Brittany. But it was to the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque (1647—1690), religious of the Visitation, at Paray-le-Monial, that our Lord made known His desire that the love and treasures of His Sacred Heart should be known by all men, and that He had chosen her for this work. In the "great" apparition, which took place during the octave of Corpus Christi, 1675, He said, "Behold the Heart that has so loved men . . . instead of gratitude I receive from the greater part (of mankind) only ingratitude . . .," and asked her for a feast of reparation on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi, bidding her consult Father de la Colombière, then Superior of the Jesuit house at Paray. Father de la Colombière recognising at once the action of the Spirit of God became the director of the holy religious, and her fellow-labourer in the work. He determined to begin with himself, and on June 21, 1675, consecrated himself to the Sacred Heart and Its service. But in a little less than two years he left Paray, his Superiors sending him to London to act as chaplain to the saintly and scholarly Maria d'Este, duchess of York, afterwards queen. He took up residence at St. James Palace, on Oct. 13, 1676, and preached during two Lents, and on Sundays and festivals during eighteen months, always the fervent apostle of the Sacred Heart. Rome was extremely slow to give approval to the devotion, which nevertheless rapidly spread, especially in religious communities. In 1697 the first petition was presented to the Holy See, by the queen of England, for the institution of the festival of the Sacred Heart, with a proper Mass and office, for the religious of the Visitation. The favour was however deferred till 1765, when it was extended to the Kingdom of France. In 1856 Pius IX. made the festival one of the universal Church, and finally, on June 11th, 1899, by order of Leo XIII., and in the formula prescribed by him, the whole world was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

PLACID WAREING, C.P.

The Sacred Heart.

By JAMES J. CORR.

O Heart of Jesus, wide as earth's expanse,
And deep as ocean depths, with love aglow :
Ope'd on Calv'ry by Longinus' lance,
For erring man, salvation to bestow.
O mighty torrent of the Fire Divine,
Pent up in Thee, to flow at our request,
To inundate and cleanse the hearts that pine
For love, and peace, and happiness and rest,
Found but in Thee, Thou Sanctuary Blest !

By Mary led unto Thy blissful shore,
Where every breath, and dew of Heaven tend ;
And Summer's Sun, and flowers for ever more
Enliven and enchant ; where Angels wend
Their gladsome ways ; and ethereal song,
The heart allures to ecstasies of joy,
The Passion's fruit, continuing along
The ages, without ending or alloy,
For those that walk therein without decoy.

The Holy Land of that Most Royal Heart
A Kingdom is, whose only law is love ;
Its coin, good deeds ; its social system part
Of that great Harm'ny, issuing above,
Whence it begins, e'en at the very Throne
Of God, encompassing that Happy Land,
And making Purgat'ry its very own :
Refreshing breezes causing to be fanned
Athwart that fiery sea, at Love's command.

Nay, down the Stygian ways of sinful souls,
Its Mercy goeth, waiting for the hour
Of true repentance, when the phantom rolls
Away of passion, and the blighted flower
Of drooping virtue turns unto the light :
Then is struck home that arrow strong and true
Of Heavenly Love, and spiritual delight
Beshakes the soul, and sorrow's tears bedew
Its fond return unto that Heart anew.

And up Parnassus' mount of perfectness
The way it shortens, and the trial charms :
Falling anon, but with a sweet caress,
The pain it soothes, and quells the soul's alarms :

Counting the toils, begemmed crowns to pay
Of everlasting Glory, when we pass
Its summit Heavenwards, along the way
He trod : His Passion holding up the glass,
Our lives to mirror, and our soul's compass.

The Sacred School of Jesus' Heart Divine,
The lesson sears into the human soul,
That Meekness and Humility define
The first principles, the course and saving role
Of Heaven's Kingdom, on the earthy plane,
Ere Faith, and Hope, and Love can germinate
In Virtue's mead, the harvest ripe, the grain,
He bought on Calvary, to satiate
The Triune Glory, and its Love to sate.

O Sacred Heart, abandoned in the deep
Of Thy Omnipotence and Love, O whom,
And what fear I, if only Thou but keep
Thy Providence around me to the tomb ?
Immerged in Thee, my soul with mighty force
Unto its End is motioned upward, free,
Parting the fleshy liens in its course,
Propelled with ardours from the Mystic Tree,
Thy Passion kindled for the world and me.

A Day on Lough Righ.

By J. M. FLOOD.

IT was a fine March day with bright and cheerful sunshine as we started from Lanesborough to Lough Righ. The country seemed to be at length waking up from the long sleep of winter. The blackbird and thrush had a buoyant note of hope in their song as if to greet the long-delayed coming of spring. We were a pleasant company of three—the padre, his curate, and myself. Our chauffeur, a Clareman, sent along his car at a spanking pace, taking the sharp turns of the road at a speed that sometimes almost took away the breath. The padre, who still retains, after many years of the mission, the gaiety and spirit of a schoolboy, enlivened the way with amusing stories. The farmers were everywhere busy in the fields, as we passed, for they are active, industrious men in Rathcline, and even before tillage became compulsory, cultivated a goodly portion of their land. Our first stop was made at Cashel, and here from a hill behind the Catholic Church we had a glorious view of Lough

Righ and the Shannon. Lying right before us was the island of Iniscleraun, about a mile distant from the shore, and our thoughts travelled back through the centuries to the time when Maeve of Connacht returned to spend her last days on this quiet island of Lough Righ. They can still show you the Granán Meadhbha, which was the site of her palace, and the Junad Marba Meadhbha, where she was killed. Tradition has it that after the death of her husband, Olioll, at the hands of Conall Cearnach, Maeve came to live at Iniscleraun. While she stayed there it was her custom to bathe each morning in the lake. To avenge the assistance which she gave to Fergus MacRory, in making war on Ulster, Forbhuidhe, the son of King Conchobar of Ulster determined to slay the Queen of Connacht. He came to Cashel and measured the distance from the shore to the place where Queen Maeve bathed, and then returning to Emanin, fixed two stakes in the ground at a distance apart equal to the distance of her bathing place from the lake shore. On one of the stakes he placed an apple, and standing at the other, he practised shooting at it with a sling-stone until he could hit it from the distance of a mile. Then returning to Cashel, he went down to Lough Righ in the early morning, and as Maeve came, as usual, to bathe in the lake, he cast the sling-stone at her head, and killed her instantly. The island has also associations with the great days of Irish Christianity, and, as a religious seat, it is probably older than even famed Clonmacnoise. St. Diarmuid, the patron saint of Iniscleraun, was the brother of St. Fedlimius, Bishop of Kilmore, and a descendant of Dathi, the last pagan King of Ireland. He was the teacher of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise. The little church which he built on the island, measuring eight feet by seven, is said to be the smallest in Ireland. There are the remains of five other churches on Iniscleraun, and during five hundred years the place was the home of saints and learned men. The people of the district, oblivious of its ancient history and renown, call it Quaker Island, because a Mr. Fairbrother, who was a member of the Society of Friends, lived there in modern times. They will some day, please God, learn and be proud of the hallowed memories associated with Iniscleraun, and will cease to use this wretched and adventitious misnomer of an island which is famed both in the pagan and Christian history of their country.

Leaving Cashel we went on to Saints' Island, which has been connected with the land by a stone causeway. Owing to recent heavy rains the lake was very full, and the causeway was almost altogether submerged in its waters. We drove through the lake in our motor picking out the causeway as best we could, sometimes passing through a foot of water, and landed safely without immersion. Here, as at Iniscleraun, there are the ruins of ancient churches, and they still preserve in the Bodleian Library at Oxford a book of

annals that was written on Saints' Island by Augustine MacGraidin in the fourteenth century. St. Ciaran built a monastery on the island in the sixth century, and after the dissolution of this monastery Sir Henry Dillon, of Kilkenny West, built a convent for the Poor Clares, known as the Convent of Bethlehem. In 1642, during the reign of King Charles I., a party of marauding soldiers made a raid on the island and attacked the convent, but the nuns managed to escape to another island in the lake, since known as Nun's Island. Dillon, hearing of the outrage, collected his followers, and attacked and slew the marauders.

At Saints' Island we secured a boat and rowed over to Inchbofin, which is situated in an arm of the lake that stretches into the County Longford to receive the River Inny. As we pulled along we had a splendid view of Lough Righ, its numerous islands, and the surrounding country. The shore on the Leinster side is winding and presents a succession of well-wooded hills which must be beautiful indeed in their summer foliage. Beyond those hills were Slieve Bawn, and further north Slieve Onierin. Beyond the Roscommon shore, the ancient country of Hy Many, we saw the curlews rising above Boyle. To the south the view was bounded by the Keeper hills and the blue peaks of the Slieve Blooms. A lovely scene, truly, but, at the time, our thoughts were less given to the beauties of Lough Righ than to the memories that were enshrined in the places within our vision—the old forgotten things and battles of long ago. Yonder, near the place where the Inny flows into Lough Righ, was fought a battle between Mahon, the elder brother of Brian Borumha, and Feargal, the son of Ruarc. Mahon, King of Thomond, having made a truce with the Danes, collected a large number of flat-bottomed boats at Kincora, and embarked a select body of troops. He passed up the Shannon, making descents on different places on the Connacht side, until he reached Lough Righ. Here he landed his whole forces and marched into the territory of Feargal. Feargal, who had been warned of his approach, made a desperate attack on Mahon's army near the banks of the Inny. After fierce fighting, Feargal was defeated and plunged into the Inny in his flight, throwing away his shield, which fell into the hands of Mahon, and was preserved for ages as a trophy by the Princes of Thomond. The boatman indicated the position of Blein Potog Bay, where had been concluded one of the most important treaties in Irish history—the surrender of the sovereignty of Ireland to Brian Borumha by King Malachy Mor. Henceforth Malachy was to serve under Brian as a loyal helper, and to show in his action an unselfish patriotism and a readiness to sacrifice personal pride to the interests of Ireland, which showed that as an Irishman he was superior to his victorious rival. Great and glorious as is the name of Brian Borumha in our annals, his seizure of the monarchy of Ireland was a disaster for the

country. It threw open the sovereignty of Ireland, as a well-known historian remarks, to every great family as a prize to be won by policy or force and no longer an inheritance to be determined by law and usage. After Brian's death the O'Connors of the west competed with both O'Neills and O'Briens for supremacy, and a lasting civil war between the Irish princes prepared the way for Strongbow and the Normans.

We are landing at Inchbofin, and the grounding of our boat on the shore brings back our thoughts from the days of King Malachy and King Brian. Whatever may be our opinions concerning the chieftans of old—and it must be confessed that they often made a sad hash of Irish affairs—we can only have one feeling concerning the saints and scholars who made the soil of Ireland sacred for all time. One of them, St. Rioch, a brother of St. Mel of Ardagh, and a son of St. Patrick's sister Darerca, built a church on Inchbofin, and was the guardian of the books and writings of St. Patrick. There is a more modern church at the southern end of the island, with a fine window which shows what Irish artists could do in the fifteenth century. The island is a small one, containing about twenty-seven acres, and it was anciently known as Inis Mhic Ualaing.

On our return to Lanesborough we dined on salmon trout that had been caught near the Black Islands on Lough Righ, and the Roman emperors of yore, who sent messengers to distant regions in search of new delicacies for the table, never feasted on better or more appetising fish. In the evening we visited the old castle of Rathcline, where you can still read the proud inscription on the gate, "Inconcussa procelles fortunæ virtus." Valour and manliness will ever withstand the shocks and storms of fortune, but the old castles which the nobles in their pride built throughout Ireland are a sad commentary on the fleeting nature of human prosperity. From a tall headland near the castle we had a fine view of Lough Righ, as it was lit up by the last red rays of the setting sun.

A Correction.

In the advertisement of the O'Curry Irish College, Carrigaholt, which appears on another page of this issue, it should have been mentioned that Mass is celebrated every morning in the large Hall of the College.

The Value of Human Life.

FOR close on three years we have all been moved by the most terrible and astonishing spectacle affecting the mortal lives of our human fellow-creatures. On the one hand we have millions of men of nearly all the civilized nations of the world with some savages thrown in, engaged in killing or taking the lives of their fellow-creatures. There are many more millions of men and women too who are their supporters and abettors on both sides of the contending parties. The slaughter could not go on without this support and encouragement. On the other hand we have millions of human beings, making the greatest efforts that ever the world witnessed, to preserve the lives of their fellow-creatures, in hospitals, in homes, and by every device possible on the battlefield. These labour strenuously night and day and with sincere devotion to alleviate pains and sufferings, and the best skill of the medical and surgical profession is employed to save the lives of the wounded and to fit them if possible for battle again, that is, to face the loss of their lives. These also have the support, the encouragement, and the blessing of every right-thinking person for their corporal works of mercy which they so willingly do and with so much self-sacrifice, and often with great risk to their own lives. Then both on the part of the destroyers of life and on the part of the preservers of life we have so many different nationalities represented, which need not be enumerated, and the professors of so many different religious bodies, Catholics, Greeks, Protestants of all kinds, and Turks, with some pagans. It would be a vain effort at present to try to influence these several parties, their helpers and their abettors by any new arguments which could be brought forward on the side of either of the contending parties, or to endeavour to bring them to a peaceful understanding by means of an article in *THE CROSS*, however extensive its circulation considering the comparative obscurity of the writer.

At the same time I regard it as a privilege to be allowed to express some serious thoughts which have deeply impressed my mind ever since the anomalous and apparently paradoxical state of things began. These have reference to the value of human life. I mean man's mortal life here on earth as a wayfarer.

This life may be regarded from its twofold aspect, the natural and the supernatural.

In the natural order life as applied to man is very different from life as applied to animals and vegetables. Few even scientific men at the present day would venture

to state that there is no difference save one of degree. The man of the present-day scientific world will say as Professor Windle expresses it: "There is certainly something in a living being which there is not in a lump of stone." He will furthermore, though less strenuously, argue that there is something more in any animal, giving that word its widest significance, than there is in a plant. Nor, as a rule, will he hesitate to admit that there is something in a man which is not met with in any other animal.¹

We know from the dogmatic teaching of the Church what that *something* is. This teaching includes the following heads of doctrine:

1. Man consists of two and only two essential constituents, namely, a body and a spiritual or rational soul.
2. The rational soul "informs" the body, that is, it animates and quickens it and that not through the instrumentality of a second (sensitive or vegetative) soul, and essentially (*per essentiam*), not through some accidental influence (as for instance, by a mere dynamic commingling of spiritual energy with the faculties of the body).
3. The spiritual soul is consequently the true form of the body—its substantial form and not merely an accidental or assistant form.
4. It follows as an obvious corollary that man's vegetative and sensitive life is derived from his spiritual soul which is virtually vegetative and sensitive.

Man's life therefore consists in the union of body and soul. From the account of creation given in Genesis one fact emerges with great clearness. The creation of man was a dual event and is so described, whereas the creation of all other things is, in each case, described as a single event. "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (Gen. ii. 7). Here we find according to the natural meaning of the words of the Bible that the Creator first made a suitable habitation for the soul, and when that habitation was made, infused the soul into it, when and when only it became what can properly be called "Man."

Our souls did not exist prior to their union with our bodies. It is against the Catholic faith to hold or teach any such pre-existence. As in the case of Adam each individual soul is immediately created out of nothing by God at the moment when it is infused into the body. This is not merely a doctrine of some particular school, but of all Catholic schools of theology and a certain truth which no Catholic can deny without temerity. St. Jerome commenting on Eccles. xii. 7 says: "Hence those are surely to be laughed at who believe that the souls of men are begotten with their bodies, and not from God but generated by the parents of their bodies. For

¹ "The Church and Science," p. 278.

since the flesh reverts to dust, and the spirit returns to God, who has given it, manifestly the Father of souls is God, not men."

Then the human soul is immortal. This immortality is natural, that is, founded on the very exigency of its nature as a spiritual substance. It is therefore physically indestructible. It can never die, and in the words of St. Augustine: "The soul never sleeps, not even in this life."

From the doctrine here stated we are reminded of the value of human life considered in its natural state and in this mortal state. As the Form of the body the soul pervades the whole body and makes it what it is. In our composite nature soul and body form *one* being whose every operation is of a mixed character like itself. The soul alone is the intelligent principle, yet all objects of knowledge must come to it through the senses; and in the senses, as Father Gerard says, it can be reached only by the mechanical media of light or sound or touch. This shows us the essential and intimate union which exists between soul and body and brings home to our minds what the loss of life means. For our present purpose it is sufficient to describe death as the cessation of life. In the case of a human being it means the separation of soul and body. The soul loses its body which is one of the constituent parts of a human being, and the body loses its soul. We can well imagine what happens at death when the soul escapes from its life-long prison. This is expressed in scientific and select terms by Professor Windle. He says: "When the soul leaves the body and this ceases to be a living thing the subsidiary and latent chemical 'forms' of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and the rest pass from *potentia* to *actualitas* in the material constituents of the dead body. We can see this for ourselves, or rather we can see the effects of it. What guards the body from corruption and prevents the chemical constituents thereof asserting themselves and destroying it, as they promptly proceed to do after death has taken place? It is the soul or dominant 'form' which overrides them and forbids them to act until its influence is removed."²

We have furthermore to understand that the unjust taking away of human life is a usurpation of God's supreme dominion over life and death and a grievous violation of the moral order. God has an absolute right to every moment of my existence and to all the honour I can give Him by fulfilling His sovereign will, even by patiently enduring the ills which He permits to befall me.

Let us now consider human life here on earth from the supernatural point of view that we may the better understand its value. We are wayfarers in this world and we have not here a lasting resting place but we seek another. The wayfaring state (*status viae*) is another name for life on earth.

² "The Church and Science," p. 394.

There are two gifts of God which are supernatural in the strict sense, and therefore belong to the divine order, namely, beatific vision and the state of grace. Beatific vision is that which God bestows on a rational creature in the *status termini*. By the state of grace here on earth we understand the aggregate of those divine gifts which aid man in immediately preparing for, and attaining to, his supernatural end, that is the beatific vision. This state also includes actual graces. It is not quite correct to distinguish between beatific vision in heaven and the state of grace on earth as though they were separated by an abyss, and to contemplate them merely in their relation of end and means. Glory and grace are far more intimately related. By grace we are made the adopted sons of God as well as by glory, and this common note puts them on the same essential level, and separates the state of grace on earth from the beatific vision in heaven merely after the manner of what is imperfect from what is perfect. St. Paul describes the endowment of grace which God grants to man on earth as an heirship of adopted children, while the state of grace which He bestows on man in heaven resembles an heir's taking possession of his inheritance. (Rom. viii, 17 seg). Elsewhere the same Apostle refers to the state of grace on earth as "the pledge of our inheritance unto the redemption of acquisition, unto the praise of His glory." (Ephes. i, 14). Both states, that of the beatific vision and the state of grace, are strictly supernatural in their essence, and this equally applies to the theological virtue of charity, which endures unchanged in heaven, whereas hope becomes possession and faith gives way to the intuitive vision of God through the "Light of Glory."³

When we consider this doctrine we have to deplore the tendency of the human mind to belittle the importance of individual life. Some men almost from the very beginning of history began to dream of possible new existences, and some continue to dream of such up to the present day according to the erroneous doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In the new state of *vivae* they suppose a great opportunity for the same individual where things can be done and duties fulfilled which have been neglected or omitted during the first mortal life—they say most human lives look so worthless.

It is true that some men have been restored to life as narrated in the Gospel and in Ecclesiastical history, and this may happen again, but only by a miracle. According to the ordinary providence of God there is only one mortal life allotted to men. One life in which men can by God's grace merit the supernatural gifts of God here and glory hereafter—one life in which they can repent and satisfy for their sins, and on this one life depends an eternity of happiness or an eternity of misery. It is therefore the duty of every-

³ "Pohl-Preuss. God, The Author of Nature and the Supernatural," pp. 191-2.

one to think highly of the possibilities of the one mortal life of which we are certain as being the one chance for every individual. The Christian religion teaches us constantly to restrain the human imagination, only too prone to overlook the blessings of the present hour for the fairy tales of uncertain other existences.

It teaches us also that sanctification, which means everything holy and true and beautiful, is to be effected in this world. It has a finality here though not its ultimate finality. It gives happiness here though the happiness it gives is not ultimate happiness. Its end is everlasting not in the sense of its having no other interests except the interests of the invisible world, but in the sense of its being such as to bear everlasting fruits. It is true the desire of heavenly glory is a part of sanctity, and it is so because of our hope that our present life's sanctity will find its consummation in heaven. All who are making sincere efforts to live truly Christian lives cannot be indifferent to the eternal results. These are of the utmost importance for the perfection of their immortal, never-dying souls. But, as Dom. A. Vonier says in his admirable work, "The Personality of Christ," "It may be asserted quite safely that even with the greatest saint the thought of his going to heaven is only one of many thoughts, kept in its proper place by the more urgent and more active thoughts of doing the deeds of charity, of finding Christ in his own heart, of speaking with Him, and of being happy in His company."⁴

The same learned and pious author reminds us of Christ's perfect mortal life to illustrate the value of our mortal lives, and how these ought to be ordered according to that divine model or exemplar: "Christ's mortal life has become to Christ's Church the beginning and the end, the alpha and the omega, the consummation of all sanctity, the source of all grace. There is no re-acting of that great life; it has been acted once, and the act was indeed a delight to the eyes of God and the angels of God.

"Christ Himself insists emphatically on the importance of His one life to do the work of His Father. 'And Jesus passing by saw a man who was blind from his birth. And His disciples asked Him: Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered: Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of Him that sent me, whilst it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.' (St. John ix, 1-5). 'I have glorified thee on earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now glorify me, O Father, with thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with thee.' (St. John xvii, 4, 5)."⁵

⁴ Ch. xxxv.

⁵ "Personality of Christ," p. 162.

Christ like all other *viatores*, pilgrims on earth had only one earthly life, one mortal life, one life of suffering and struggle, of merit and satisfaction and edification for those whom He came to redeem and save.

Having all these considerations before us we may conclude that it is our duty to use every legitimate means to preserve human life here on earth and to perfect it according to the will of God. Also we must be willing to die when God wills it and in the manner that pleases Him, but not in a way that would be a violation of His divine right. Such a violation would deprive us for ever of the possession of God.

To prevent any possible misunderstanding as to the purpose and drift of this short article in its application to the present state of affairs in the world, I may add that according to Christian teaching we may at times expose our lives to imminent danger, provided we do not directly intend our death and the good to be thereby obtained is worthy of so great a risk. No one has a right to expose life or limb or health for a trifle, such as vain glory or the gratification of mere curiosity, or for any cause which does not offer a fair prospect of success. A sufficient reason for doing so may be found in the needs of our religion or our country, the relief of persons in serious danger, or in any truly noble cause, when important results are to be attained which cannot otherwise be secured.

ARTHUR DEVINE, *Passionist*.

Two Prayers.

AT MORNING.

Mother of God, who tended
The Infant Jesus day by day,
We pray that we, defended
By thee from dangers on our way,
May tread life's paths in safety
And bide at last with Him and thee.

AT NIGHT.

Mother of God, long keeping
Love's watch by thy Divine Son's
bed,
We pray that o'er our sleeping
Thy vigil's tenderness be shed,
So that our dreams and slumber be
In union with thy Son and thee.

P. J. O'CONNOR-DUFFY.

Coir na Teine.

Feaib ós a bfuil comnuide air i Rat Maoinir, i mBaile Áta Cliaí do reáí cúgam an uicirí reo tíor asur "Eoin" an t-ainm a tús ré air féin. Ir binn liom a glóir. Éiríis leir:—
CARA NUA DOM. "Ar mórde leat, a Muirir na Móna, a éapa, ceao do tabairt dom fuio coir na teine in domfeact leir na Saedalaib eile a bionn as cup ir as cúteam leat sac mí? Nil a lán móna asam le tabairt díb, coiríis so bfuilim iongantac boct—beas mo rtor de reilini asur dántaib asur fuadai de'n tróiró ran. Ac deapao mo ériode-diceall sac mí an teine do coimeao beo, asur muna bfuil rúge dam cun fuio, maire, ir féirir liom rearam. Ór fuo é so bfuil ceapaité asam panamaint tamall maic 'n búir meapí 'neorpaó duit, a Muirir, cé h-é mé. Ni h-é reo an céao uair dom reiríobao cun na CROISE. Ir mó uair doibinn a éaitéar imeapí na ndaoine ósa atá bailište mór-dciméall ar fpancir i sCumann Sabriel Naomta, asur ir mó uair meiríreac a éaitéao leir an sCuirdeactain céao na fír, le congnaí Dé. Ac ní neorpaó a túille duit marí geall oim féin an turar ro. Táim as imteact uair tamallín, ac tiocpaó éar n-air—asur b'féirir so bpaóainn fírdín móna i n-ait eicint le cup ar an dteine." Ré am nó uair a tiocpaíó "Eoin" beiró fáilte ir fice iomir, bíod móin aise nó ná bíod. Ar daoine ósa díre marí é atá rearam na héireann inóiu.

* * * * *

As reo rúoet ar an átcuige do cúir Cumann Buanuigste na Saedilge amac tá tamallín ó fom ann—"i n-ainm Dé asur ar díre, iarramíó cabair ort-ra cum ar dteangá
TEANGA NA nSAEDAL. ré réim i náiró Maca, i sCluain Earairí ir as an Lior Mór an tan do táiníis mic léiginn ar reoil ionta ó sac áiró de'n Roinn Eorpa; an teangá do bí i mbéalaib as Colmán ir Ceallaé, as fupra ir Caéal ir as na ríóigtió naom ó Éirinn do táirtil ir do ériortuig iartar Eorpa asur lóerann an léiginn ar lapaó aca; an teangá le n-air cúir b'péandain ir Colm Cille ir doóan an b'péatam mór ar bealaé a leapa ó táoir táoir ir éar a pleapáib; teangá b'pígíoe ir dómnat ir íte. Cabruig linn, átcuigeam ort, cum teangá Cuiríoe na Cuiríoe Ruairíoe ir féime fáil do buanú, teangá b'píain b'píime ir na ríóigste Saedéal do díbir Dairí ó bántaib Danban, teangá Seám an Oíomair ir páorais Sáiríel, an teangá do spíoruis na Seirdeanna Fíadainé, an teangá blarta i n-air buanuis Seapáin Céitinn ir an Ceapáir Ollam rtair ir reandur ar ndaoine." Asur reo píora beas eile de—"Níor géill eme san meac íam do múeo anman

a d'óire; agus níor éiríodh teanga luét d'aoirpe r'aoir mian ó d'hoicmeoin luét uachtar-láimhe. Níl buairte f'or as na d'ligtibh pianamla ná as zéirleannmáin Sacran ar an nGaeil; cuir p'í d'í iad, ac tá p'í i mbéalaibh báir dá mbáir."

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Cuirim p'íor anna d'orán de blúiríní beasa móna do bailiúgar anna agus anna. Tá r'ad so dea.

**BLÚIRÍNÍ
MÓNA.**

1.

Ó lá féile b'p'íde amac
Dionn na h-éin as d'éanamh nead.
Na caoirpe as b'p'it na n-uán,
Ir an fuaict as d'ul i d'ear.

II.

Céirpe aoirpe an duine:—

Pice bliam as teact,
Pice bliam ad' fear,
Pice bliam as meact,
Ir pice bliam san maic.

III.

Do cuir fear áiríde an cailín amirpe amac, lá, as f'eadaint ead é an poimnte so maibh an gaoit as f'eadaint ar, mar bí an éiríde neact a eadaint an lá fan. Ar teact irteact do'n cailín, reo mar a d'ubairt p'í:—"Tá p'í anoir ir anna agus ar gaoit uile áiríde, agus ead maic as tóin an tige d'í."

IV.

Céalacan f'ad agus d'it na mbp'is,
A d'eimeann f'eaduine de'n duine óg:

MUIRIS NA MÓNA.

In Thanksgiving, Etc.

The Sisters of Mercy (Killaloe) have forwarded two shillings and sixpence towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel.

Per Rev. Fr. Anselm, C.P. (Glasgow) five shillings have been received towards the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani.

Gerald O'Brien sends seven shillings towards the same Causes, in thanksgiving for miraculous escapes in the war.

W. Gorman sends one shilling towards the Cause of Gemma Galgani.

The above donations, for which we are sincerely grateful, will be duly forwarded to the Postulator at Rome.

Contributions towards the expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani and favours received through their intercession will be gladly acknowledged in these pages.

TO OUR PROMOTERS.—In answer to inquiries made from time to time, we think it well to let supporters of this magazine know that all our supporters and promoters participate in the benefit of four hundred and thirty-four Masses, specially offered every year for benefactors by the Fathers of this Province, as well as in the prayers, penances and good works performed daily by all the members of the Congregation of the Passion.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth: and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and guide.

III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.

IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

ON April 18 there died at Glenties, in Donegal, one of the best-beloved and most devoted priests that have ever stood on Irish soil—Canon McFadden, formerly of Gweedore. In the extended obituary notices and the sketches of his illustrious career which appeared in the press, the different episodes in his life were re-told for the benefit of the young generation who could not be expected to remember all the hardships and sufferings endured by this sagart a ruin for his down-trodden people in the days when landlordism was clearing the country of its "surplus population," which might be a hindrance to the designs of our dear, sympathetic rulers, the British Government of the day. Canon McFadden's work for the Land League, for temperance, for every good cause, was praised and commented upon, but one fact was not mentioned, because his newspaper biographers knew naught of it, viz.: that he was an eager reader every month and a warm admirer of the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

It is true, nevertheless, for I have very reliable authority for it, and I have been for a long time aware that the sainted priest who has passed away watched anxiously every

A Child Again.

month for "The Cross," and that the very first portion of it he read was the Guild. He was often heard to praise the work of the boys and girls, and to say that when "The Cross" came, he was, for the time being, a child once more, with all a child's eagerness, enthusiasm and sympathy. I am sure he is praying for us in Heaven to-day, and that he has asked Blessed Gabriel to watch over us and guide us and perfect in each one of us the work begun in this Guild. On the right hand of the King of Heaven may his soul be, to-night!

Imagine my joy and gratitude when, on opening my post bag on May 15th, I found in it, on top of all the letters, a real poem, written by a member of the Guild of Blessed Gabriel! Many a poem in prose had come to me

My Post Bag. from the pen of the young writer, but this was the first song—the herald, please God, of many an uplifting, soothing melody. Here it is in its entirety, for you all to read and sing:—

A Song of Praise.

When the early flowers are springing
And the leaves are soft and green,
And the birds are sweetly singing,
Singing in the glorious sheen;
When the breezes softly gushing
Fill with peace each tired soul,
And the streams and rivers rushing,
Call each wavelet to its goal.

When the sun of June is shining
O'er the calm and silver sea,
And the vesper bells are chiming
O'er the gently-waving lea,
When the fields of glowing corn
Sigh beneath the sheaves' gold weight
And the bird songs fill the morn,
Soaring towards the golden gate.

When the winter blasts are blowing
Over hill and glen and plain,
And the dismal clouds are lowering
O'er the sobbing, sunless main;
When the hoary frost is spreading
O'er the land afar and wide,
And the nymphs of Iceland treading
O'er the surface of the tide.

In each sad and gladsome hour
Let us think of God, our King;
Beg His grace in shine and shower,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring—
Let us thank Him for His goodness,
For the mercy that He shows
To us, mortals, in our gladness,
In our sorrows and our woes.

Uile Máire Nic an Fátige.
(Lilian Mary Nally).

God bless the singer. May her songs be many and sweet, and may the hope of spring be the dominant note in them through all the days of her singing.

Great hostings of new members this month again and big piles of heart-lifting letters. What a lucky man am I, Francis of the Guild of Blessed Gabriel! Surely, in these days, kings and emperors might envy me my friends! Says **Hannie Ward**, of the Convent School, Killaloe, as she leads a band of new recruits into the Guild: "We cannot send on as many names as forty like Ballina, or thirty-one like Drogheda—we are only a small nationality—but we'll send as many as possible, if it were only to keep Drogheda and Carrick-on-Shannon and Ballina from encroaching on our rights, and to uphold the name and fame of kingly Clare of the Wild Geese." The names of the recruits are **Annie Kelly, Annie Vaughan, Margaret Boland, Millie Mulcahy, Norah Cassidy, Hannah Hogan, Mary Flynn, Maggie M. Moloney, Maisie Ryan, Lena O'Brien, Birdie Rice, Tessie Rice, Frances Johnson, Annie Rohan, Delia Hayes, Margaret Mooney, Mary Vaughan, Eileen Hurley, Kathleen Gleeson, Mary Gleeson, Winnie Tobin**. A hearty welcome to every one of them! Surely, the West is wide awake. A new centre in which work for the Guild has been started is the Convent N.S., Mountrath, and two nice letters have reached me from **Eilis Ni Mhadain** and **Lillie B. Ryan**. I welcome both right heartily, and trust they are but the

advance guard of a very big company. **Rita Carlos** is rather reserved in her communiqué this month, but she hints at happenings that are to come and that will stagger Drogheda, myself and humanity. Her officers are all fully instructed as to their future movements and—well, we had better wait and see. One of her captains, **May MacMahon**, has recruited five new members, whose names are **Florrie O'Hara, May Slater, Peggie Nealon, Annie Golden** and **May Kilduff**, who are all heartily welcome. Listen to this from **Ada O'Neill** of Drogheda: "I see by your manoeuvres that you are trying to bring about a pitched battle between Drogheda and the West, and have succeeded so far in rousing the latter to throw down the gauntlet; but let me remind you that it takes two parties to make a battle, and as peaceful Christians we do not intend to be inveigled into combat with any of our contemporaries. You had better make these tidings known to all and sundry. Indeed, you seem to have formed a very erroneous opinion of us and evidently imagine that I am a formidable, warlike creature, who probably possess an eagle eye and an iron hand, not to mention the other indispensable accessories of a commander; whereas, I am a remarkably meek, insignificant-looking individual, and so do not wish to sail under false colours." God bless us! And if you were to see the things this meek little creature has written about the sort of competitions I set, you'd pity poor, ill-used Francis. But I've censored that part of her letter. There are five new members from Drogheda—**Lizzie Carey, Winnie Farrell, Frances Farrell, Maggie Carroll, Annie Carroll** and **Bridie Carroll**, who is the recruiting sergeant in the case. A thousand welcomes to all five! Two welcome letters from my dear friends, **Mary Rennie** and her sister **Nellie**. The former tells me of a walk she had into the country: "It was a beautiful evening and the hedgerows were filled with green foliage, starred here and there by buttercups and daisies. The joyous shouts of the children could be heard as they ran to and fro, eager in their endeavours to cull the sweet flowerets in order to deck their simple shrine in honour of the Queen of Heaven. The birds were singing their evening song to their Creator, for they know that 'nothing glorifies God so much as joy.'" Mary has brought me another new member—**Louie Kenyon**—to whom I bid a warm Irish welcome. I welcome right heartily also two new members from Dublin—**Josephine McGuinness** and **Winifred Taylor**—who mean to do great work for the Guild in future. **Eilis Ni Riain** has written me a long and beautiful letter which I wish I could reproduce in full. "I often think," she writes, "that there is nothing so lovely as a ramble by hill and sea on a fine June morning, when the purple mists are just rising from the dusky towering mountains, and no sound disturbs the exquisite restful stillness, save the wakening song of some tiny bird. The ever-restless ocean gleams in the mellow distance, the dancing sunbeams lingering tenderly on the foam-flecked waves as they roll in languidly to the yellow sands, making them glisten as if starred with precious gems." Isn't it well for Francis that has the privilege of reading such letters as this every month? Our esteemed "honorary member," **B. M. O'Neill**, sends me a long poem entitled "The Playgrounds of Heaven," which, though not faultless in technique, is beautiful in the thoughts and fancies it enshrines. She tells of the little children who have died playing all together in the playgrounds of God's Kingdom, and then describes the coming from earth of one wee saint's mother.

"Tender that longed-for meeting,
O! what a time of bliss!
There never was such a greeting
And O! what a burning kiss.
Together they turn them Homeward,
Speeding along through the crowds,
Their footsteps never alighting
Till they soar far up in the clouds.

Leaving the Playgrounds of Heaven
To enter the Court of the Lord,
This baby, of summers not seven—
Was ever so sweet a reward?
And mother, her countenance glowing
With the joy of eternal love,
Is chanting God's praise and knowing
Her home will be always above."

Thanks to **Philie J. Cauldwell** for her very nice letter and for the gift of her prayers, which I prize more than she can guess. **Angela F. Murphy**, of Armagh, leads along to me five new friends who are heartily welcome, and from whom I hope to get many a pleasant message. They are **Nellie Donnelly, Kathleen Donnelly, Nora Barbour, May Murphy** and **John J. Murphy**. Armagh is a big stronghold of the Guild already, as by right it should. Two very welcome letters have come to me from **Nellie** and **Eva Dempsey**, of Drogheda, giving a fine description of a fancy fair and tea party with which the good nuns in the Presentation Convent Schools rewarded their pupils some time ago for good attendance at school. Very nice letters have come from **Margaret P. Keogh, Katie Doyle, Ben McLoughlin, Thomas Roche, Annie Kearney** and **Mollie Walsh**. A thousand thanks to them, one and all!

The prayers of the members are asked by "A Client of Blessed Gabriel" and **J. Gorman**, who send donations towards the funds for propagating the Cause of Blessed Gabriel and **Gemma Galgani**. Prayers are also asked for a good friend of the Guild who is ill in hospital.

Requests.

(1) All newcomers will please write a personal note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) **Orders for copies of "The Cross," etc., should not be sent to Francis, but to the Manager.**

Important.

A member asks this month if the Blessed Gabriel Badges are made in Germany, they are so long coming. The following are entitled to a badge each, as soon as the Editor receives the long-watched supply: **Angela F. Murphy**, Railway Street, Armagh; **May MacMahon**, Convent Hill, Ballina; **Bridie Carroll**, 33 Chord Road, Drogheda, and **Hannie Ward**, Convent School, Killaloe, Co. Clare.

Badge Winners.

The prize for the best set of three quotations on "June" has been won by **Lillie B. Ryan**, Convent National School, Mount-rath, Queen's Co. The entry was splendid, and all the work excellent. The names of those who deserve honourable mention are so many, and I have already taken up so much of the Editor's space, that I regret I cannot give them. One of the Drogheda competitors complained of the dearth of references to June in standard works, but she and her companions sent in an immense pile of splendid quotations;

The Awards.

A fine entry in the competition for the best little essay on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," and good work done by all competitors. Two prizes of equal value have been awarded—one to **Lizzie Carey**, Presentation Convent, Drogheda, and the other to **Katie Moloney**, Convent School, Killaloe, Co. Clare. More power to the little people of the Guild!

Members Under 12.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be awarded for the best paper describing "A Summer Stroll."

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize is offered for the best and most neatly-written copy of the "Hail Mary" in Irish.

Competitors will please remember the following rules: All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the **unaided** and **original** work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on one side only of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the **first post** on June 14th. All letters to be addressed: **Francis**, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.